Percy. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

Nor. Why is he not with the Queene?

Percy. No, my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and dispersst
The Houshold of the King.

Nor. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when we last spake together.

Percy. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traytor.
But he, my Lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Barkely, to discover
What power the Duke of Yorke had levied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Ravenspurgh.

Nor. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy?)

Percy. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did looke on him.

Nor. Then learne to know him now: this is the Duke.

Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme
To more approved service and desert.

Bul. I thanke thee gentle *Percy*, and be sure,
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a soule remembring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with my love,
It shall be still thy true loves recompence,
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seales it.

Nor. How farre is it to Barkley? and what stirre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his men of Warre?

Percy. There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymor*,
None else of Name, and noble estimate.

Enter Rosse, and Willoughby.

Nor. Here comes the Lords of *Rosse*, and *Willoughby*,
Bloody

Bloody with spurring, fiery re
Bul. Welcome my Lords, I wo
A banisht Traytor; all my Treasu
Is yet but unfelt thankes, which
Shall be your love, and labours
Ros. Your presence makes vs
Wil. And farre surmounts our l
Bul. Evermore thankes, th'Exc
Which till my infant-fortune com
Stands for my bounty: but who

Enter Barkely

Nor. It is my Lord of *Barkely*
Bark. My Lord of Hereford, m
Bul. My Lord, my answer is
And I am come to seeke that nam
And I must find that Title in you
Before I make reply to ought you
Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord
To raze one title of your honour
To you, my Lord, I come (what I
From the most glorious of this La
The Duke of *Yorke*, to know wha
To take advantage of the absent
And fright our native peace with

Enter Yorke.

Bul. I shall not need transport
Here comes his Grace in person.
Yor. Shew me thy humble Hea
Whose duty is deceivable and fa
Bul. My gracious Vncle.
Yor. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace
I am no Traytors Vncle; and that
In an ungracious mouth, is but pr
Why have these banish'd, and for
Dar'd once to touch the dust of E
But more then why, why have the
So many miles upon her peacefull
Frighting her pale fac'd Villages wi

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